IV

One of the greatest drawbacks of the Mind Body Transfer technique was that it relied almost entirely on Ino being able to remain conscious the entire time.

Because the minute those jounin managed to track down where her body and Temari were hiding, their whole espionage plan had been null and void. Temari might have been able to put up a fight earlier that morning, but that was quite literally more than a hundred pounds ago. When the ten security ninja had made their way up the hill and snuck up on the two of them, the mission was basically over.

Ino wasn’t exactly sure how long she had been out for, but when she awoke both she and Temari were far, far heavier.

“Good!” came the by-now familiar voice of Oda, making Ino’s eyes dart open, “I see you’re finally awake.”

“Whuh…”

Moving was hard. They’d laid her out on a sort of dais, pillows and the like propping up her enormous upper half. Tit was all that she could see, outside of the slow rise and fall of a globular white stomach. Her head felt confined, like someone was forcing it down. But it was just the heft of her chin, propping her head up as she leaned forward while unconscious. Her arms were thick and heavy, surrounded by sandbagging fat that hung off from her biceps and shoulders that made it improbably, if not impossible, that she’d be making any hand signs any time soon.

“When I promised these simple farmers that their days of hard work were over, I should have been a little more insistent—I would have thought there’d be a villager about your size by this point, but I guess you can’t lead a horse to water and make him drink.”

The little creep took his time, stepping lightly over to the dais that Ino had been plopped upon. Outstretching an open palm, Watari palmed an acre of Ino’s heavy gut flesh like a dairy farmer would a the flank of a blue ribbon steer. And with just as much meat on it—probably more, at the rate Ino had grown…

“I think that Kawa-no-Kami will be pleased with our sacrifice this year.” Oda said, weighing a stray roll from the underside like he could pluck it from a tree, “That little homebrewed jutsu I made really seems to be working wonders.”

Ino’s breasts hung to either side of her now, as well as a good bit in front of her. Oda wasn’t a particularly intimidating man in his own right, but seeming him half-eclipsed by the shelf of tit that he’d helped to heap onto her poor body was downright frightening.

“H… Hey…” Ino burbled, her face and voice thick with fat, “Cudditout…”

Ino *was* restrained, though for what purpose she couldn’t help but wonder why. She wasn’t going to be able to get up from this position—no amount of pushing chakra to her feet or arms was going to counterbalance the fact that this didn’t even feel like her body anymore. It had changed so much, become so *fat* that her chakra points were all but a mystery to her now. Lost underneath this thick onslaught of blubber that had made her so huge.

“Kawa-no-Kami has been patient with us, but his hunger demands more and more of our beloved village if I wish to continue to lead my people into prosperity.” The young politician said in a put-upon but somber tone, “I’m hoping that the two of you will keep him happy for a while.”

As far as any hope of escape was concerned, there really wasn’t any. Not while she was pinned down underneath all of this fat!

“I’m going to take the Leaf and the Sand sending you two to spy on us as a compliment to my village’s growth! We must really be hurting you city dwellers if it means you’re sending people out here to keep tabs on us!”

The bubbling blue lights of the pond began to glow once again as the fish creature from before made its dramatic reentry. It soared from the bed of the shallow lake high into the air, coiling and twisting and chomping its mighty jaws as its deep laughter filled the night air. As the grogginess that came with unconsciousness began to wear off, Ino began to process more and more of just how screwed she really was sunk in. There wasn’t anything that she could do! Her chest was so heavy that she couldn’t even get herself pushed to a full sitting position! The soft, squishy fat that had enveloped her trained ninja physique had expanded out in all directions until she looked like three marshmallows clumped together!

“Ohoho… you’ve done *well*, Fisherman’s Son.” The great demonic fish trilled excitedly, “I see that your village is truly blossoming underneath the bounty that I have bestowed upon it!”

“And we honor you by sharing the feast that your bounty hath brought us.” The Ashikage said with a sinister little bow, “These two calves have been fatted in your name so that you might feast as you have allowed us to; so that we might continue to grow and—"

“Will you cram it already?!” Ino’s voice came out thick and husky, “What kind of creep fattens up two innocent people so that he can sacrifice them to some dumb fish god?!”

Struggling to look over to her right, Ino could see that Temari hadn’t fared much better than she had. Thankfully there seemed to be a limit as to just how fat this stupid curse mark could make them—despite Temari’s head start, her weight seemed to have plateaued until she was about the same size that Ino was. With her head start, she should have been far, far more massive.

But that sentence sort of undercut the sheer size of the pear-shaped pineapple head that was propped out beside her. Spreading from the bottom up, getting more and more narrow the further Ino’s eye traveled up Temari’s triangle-shaped tonnage, the great sand ninja had far more in common with a sand dune than any ninja.

With a fat landslide of stomach that avalanched out in front of her, Temari’s bigness had settled in the opposite way of Ino’s—where the ponytailed blonde from Konoha had exploded outwards up top first, Temari’s behemoth backside and large, pillowy legs had effectively pinned her seated. Temari had a mountain of an ass ranging behind her, sagging over the sacrificial dais by at least a handful on either side. She was similarly fastened down though, her chubby wrists rolling over the restraints as they cut into her tanned flesh.

“Glad to see that knock to the head didn’t make you any brighter.” Temari spat, “Try *not* to coax the fish demon that’s trying to eat us into eating us faster, please?”

Watari petted at Temari’s stomach, much like he had with Ino’s earlier. Not in an overly affectionate way, but more of a sort of token comfort. Either he *knew* what he was doing was wrong, or he was just especially proud of how well he’d incapacitated two trained ninja from the biggest countries in the world.

Either way, Temari clearly wasn’t having fun.

Temari’s face had grown just as round and heavy as Ino’s, but she seemed at least more mobile in her top half. Her fat cheeks pressed against her fluffy shoulders, Her double chin rolling out more delicately than Ino’s fluffy neck ring. If she hadn’t been restrained, the bottom heavy sand ninja might have been able to do *something*—but with her arms pinned up like that, they couldn’t do anything more than sink into and be enveloped by the puddling biceps above them. And even if she had been able to get herself fre… what then? Temari wasn’t going to be able to haul herself around any easier than Ino was, thanks to those tree trunks and tray ass that weighed her bottom half down…

It didn’t really seem like there was any way out of this…

“I must admit that I am wont to agree.” The great fish demon chuckled thickly, the whisker-like barbels that hung off either side of his mouth twitching ever so slightly as he coiled himself tighter in preparation for a launch, “Last year’s sacrifice was so poor that I was licking my lips less than a month later! Having these two, beautiful fat hogs to feast on—”

“Watch it, you fishy freak!”

“—is enough to make my mouth *water…*”

With that, the width of the monster’s head began to duck before quickly breaking into a pouncing motion. Kawa-no-Kami was long enough that even without leaving the pond, he could lash himself over to his prey like a whip, jaws unhinged and fangs glistening with saliva as he went straight for Temari’s vast tonnage of gut…

Only to recoil sharply as an audible slice made its through the monster’s snout.

Their would-be aristocrat captor was just as shocked as Ino was. She’d seen Kawa-no-Kami snap back, but it wasn’t until she saw the deep red blood running from his snout that the captive fatty realized that something had struck the River Demon. With no arms to clasp at the wounded area, the great river serpent was unable to stop the bleeding as it looked around viciously in search of whatever had offended it so.

“Well you’re gonna have to hold off on that for a bit.” Temari huffed thickly as she looked coolly ahead of her, “One of the things that separates real ninja and hicks playing dress-up is how well they can prepare—even with their backs against the wall.”

The trees surrounding the left side of the estate began to rustle as they fought against the moonlight, the shade they provided only just barely disguising a large coiling animal of a very different sort darting across the night sky. Watari watched in utter confusion, Kawa-no-Kami in pure hatred, and Ino in newfound excitement as their hopes of escape began to rise again from the ashes.

“I might not be much of a Ninja of the Winds after everything you’ve done to pin me to the ground.” Temari said in a low voice, “But I’m still a *ninja*—and you’re not the *only* one with a summoning scroll.”

The creature was moving faster now, darting around the trees and making the forest bustle with the breeze of Kamatari building up a tailwind behind him. The wind began to pick up to an alarming amount, enough that the winds brushed against and chilled Ino’s vast fat stomach. Her nipples stiffened against what remained of her disguise, her fat little hands going instinctively to cover herself only to lose the struggle against her arm wings. Despite her enormous size and the discomfort it put on her back, Ino couldn’t help but bounce a bit with excitement. Good ol’ Pineapple Head had managed to pull one out of that big round ass of hers!

“While Ino was preparing her Mind Body Transfer technique, I was busy making a plan of my own.” Temari grinned, her fat cheek dimpling smugly as the sounds of her familiar’s approach grew near, “It took a lot out of me—you’ve *seriously* messed with my ability to access my chakra, but Kamatari and I don’t exactly have as transactional of a relationship as you two do.”

The great weasel that was Temari’s Summon Animal leapt from the trees victoriously, snarling and howling as it sliced through the air. The lanterns and their blue flames flickered ominously overhead, its one eye slitted and focused on the demonic creature it had been summoned to combat. The scythe that it had wrapped itself around was still wet with the River Demon’s blood.

“So when I asked him to wait around for a while and get ready to strike, he didn’t mind at all!”

And the shapes coiled together in a grand fight of summoned beasts! Kamatari shifting his scythe to his front legs while scratching and clawing with his lower as Kawa-no-Kami slashed and scraped with his fletchette scales and hard bony fins. The would-be Ashikage clutched at either side of his head, black hair between his fingers as he began a sharp, confused screaming.

“Call that stupid thing off!” he commanded of the bottom-heavy pile of woman closest to him, “He’s injuring the patron saint of our growing village!”

“He already made pretty quick work of the rest of your guards too—you really shouldn’t have spread them all so far apart.” Temari continued to dig, “For someone who claims to care so much about the wellness of the people in his village, you sure didn’t notice when like ten of them went unconscious.”

“You tell him, Temari!” Ino clapped back, instinctively shifting to pump her arm only to be met with the restraints, “Come and get that thing to cut us loose!”

“Q-Quiet you fat slag!” Watari snapped, “O Kawa-no-Kami, fight that wretched thing!”

“Wretched is right—it’s been long since I’ve battled something so lowly as a weasel that dared to think it could best me!”

As if in response to the challenge, Kamatari hissed as the battle began to pick up.

Despite the high and mighty title that came with Demon of the Rivers, Kamatari was a trained warrior in its own right. A ninja companion that was just as battle-hardened as its partner—a far cry from the demon using and abusing a town full of undertrained and overfed hicks with delusions of grandeur. For all of the fish monster’s big talk, the white lightning that was Kamatari and its scythe were able to make quick work of him.

As the top half of the monster was separated from the lower half of its body, the great fishy fiend slumped into and out of the pond in a great dead heap—slowly disappearing in a purple haze of entropy.

“Y-You… you’re not supposed to be able to…” Watari was clearly struggling to cope with the loss of his trump card, “He was supposed to be an all-powerful demon!”

“Looks like he was more of a normal fish in a little pond.” Ino chuckled before turning her head to Temari, “Any chance Kamatari will do me a favor and cut through these restraints?”

“Y-YOU… YOU WILL STAY *RIGHT THERE* UNTIL I FIND OUT HOW TO FIX THIS!”

It is a little hard to describe exactly what happened next.

Oda Watari continued to lose his composure, throwing a tantrum over the fact that his ace monster that had been providing the village with wealth had been swept out from underneath him by a literal weasel. And as Ino had been the last one to say something to him during his slide down the slippery slope of coherency, it was only natural that he continued his ramblings towards her. At the same time, Kamatari was doing as instructed and cutting through the restraints that were keeping Ino’s wrists bound. And in recoiling from the scythe’s slashing motion, Ino’s balance was tipped ever so slightly…

*…off.*

Unused to the weight that had been piled upon her, to say nothing of the proportions that she’d been given due to said weight, hundreds of pounds of Ino shifted and rolled off the sides of the dais, snapping the restraints on the other wrist as she toppled over.

And *as* she toppled over, she managed to roll herself right on top of the squirming, now bent shape of Watari Oda—the would-be Ashikage and the now apprehended leader of the Village Hidden in the Reeds.

“Get… off of me…” he croaked out, flattened underneath the collective weight of Ino’s upper body, “I… won’t…”

“Haghhh… trust me… I’d love to…” Ino whimpered out, “But I don’t think that I’m getting up any time soon…”

Ino didn’t squirm too much while she kept Watari detained underneath her heft. Since he was the one behind all of this nonsense, it probably wouldn’t have been wise to let him get away before he fixed whatever jutsu he’d used to make the two of them so fat.

“And whose fault is that?” Temari huffed as she inched one mammoth leg, free of restraints thanks to Kamatari, “Maybe if you hadn’t turned us both into such hogs, I’d be able to help get my fat friend off of you.”

The younger man quietly seethed as he felt his body be pressed underneath the avalanche of heft that was to be his sacrifice. With her now actively putting weight on him, pushing herself to the ground with her pathetic muscles, the onslaught of fat smothering him weighed *heavily* on his chest and lower body.

“F-Fine!” he finally managed, “J-Just… r-roll… roll her over…”

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“I wish I’d have taken a picture—I know that Shikamaru would have *loved* to see what you’ll look like once you pop out a few pointy-headed brats!”

“You ever say a *word* of this to *anyone* and I’ll kill you.” Temari scoffed, her double chin rolling back out slightly as her stomach pressed hard against her robes, “We might be returning to normal, but I still feel like I need to burn off a few pounds…”

The curse mark had faded almost entirely from view by the time Ino and Temari had begun the process of walking home. Almost as quickly as the weight had piled on, getting Watari to undo the curse mark had taken it off. With the patron deity that it belonged to dead, it would go away on its own—but getting away from the riverlands would further sever the connection.

Ino and Temari would be back to normal in no time—probably by the time they went to bed that night. But the memories of being blown up into human beach balls would stick with them forever. Ino could still feel the heft of her shoulders as they struggled to support such a fat, squishy body. Her back still ached from having those huge hooters of hers—would it have killed that little creep that tagged her to do it on her stomach instead?

“Oh gross, you’d want to lug around a big fat gut?” Temari laughed as Ino shared her thoughts, “That thing would have been dragging on the floor by the time Kamatari got to you!”

“At least your fingers weren’t like… little sausages!” Ino held up a still plump pointer finger and squished it with her other hand, “You might have passed for normal as long as nobody looked at that gigantic ass you had!”

The two of them had agreed to never talk about it again with anyone else. There were plenty of *those* sorts of missions, where no one brings it up if they don’t have to. And walking down the trail, each still lugging around about fifty pounds of extra heft as the curse continued to drain from their system, it seemed like the only thing that either of them could really do about it was make a few jokes.

“Hey.” Ino said after a bit of silence, “I’m sorry for what I said about the Suna Nin. That was a pretty dumb thing to say.”

“Apology accepted.” Temari’s soft face smiled delicately as she gave Ino a soft punch in the arm, “Sorry for calling you Ino Pig—I know you don’t like that.”

“Apology accepted.” Ino stretched, “I’m gonna be eating nothing but salads for the rest of my life—I *never* want to let that happen to me again.”

“Here here.” Temari agreed, “I’ve never been heavy a day in my life; to go from ready for battle to the size of a waterbed in just a few days is just… *woof*…”

“Well… don’t tell Shikamaru that.” Ino smiled mischievously, “If you guys are gonna get serious, you should know that he likes his women with a little meat on their bones, thunder butt.”

“INO STOP.” Temari wretched, “THAT’S NOT FUNNY.”